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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1888, by G. E. Desharats & Son, at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. I.—No. 15.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 13th OCTOBER, 1888.

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HON. SIR J. S. D. THOMPSON, MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

From a photograph by Topley.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
127 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

13th OCTOBER, 1888.



A Swiss philologist has put forth a theory that a man in cultivated society must have at least 10,000 words at his command, while a college graduate ought to have 25,000. What language does he mean—French or German—the two tongues used in Switzerland? In English we do not see how this distinction holds as, the wider the scholarship, the fewer the number of words needed.

The old province is getting on. A lady has been admitted to the practice of physic by the Quebec Provincial Medical Board, at its last half-yearly meeting. The applicant was a Miss Mitchell, of Queen's University, Kingston. How soon will she be followed by a French sister, although, for that matter, in this city and throughout the country, there are women who do the setting of bones and limbs, called *amanchage*?

The Governor-General, although in love with Quebec citadel, has left it at last and gone to Rideau Hall and his office, in the "Eastern Block," for the winter. His three sons, having landed from England, his Lordship will have his whole family around him. The Ministers are all at their posts; Cabinet Councils are regularly held, and the machinery of Government will run according to rote, until the meeting of Parliament, which may be called earlier than usual this year.

Of all vegetables, celery deserves a good word. It is fair to see, nice to smell, toothsome and tonic. Vegetarian specialists say extraordinary things about its use for the relief of rheumatism. It grows easily, and, in the right soil, for any number of years. It is an early vegetable, and, in these late fall days, the display of bunches is inviting. Always have your crystal holder of celery on the table. Asparagus is another most wholesome dish, which can be had from May to November.

North Minnesota and Dakota claim to rival Manitoba and Keewatin in the quality of their wheat. This year the rivalry cannot be maintained, since our No. 1 Hard has been the cry of Canadian millers, in every province, and the price thereof ranged, in September, 82c. at Grand Forks; 90c. at Emerson; 95c. in another place, and in our "Dominion News" there are instances of \$1. That is legitimate, and not the "Old Hutch" cornering, from 135 to 160.

The Winnipeg Board of Trade is authority for the statement that, of the crop of 1887, there were exported out of Manitoba 7,500,000 bushels of wheat. This sold at an average price of 55 cents, and the amount taken in by the province, at that price, would be \$4,675,000. A Northwest paper adds that, this year, there will be at least 10,000,000 for export, at the price quoted at the time—82 cents a bushel. This is quite a splendid show-

ing, but the total result swells still further if we take into account the large crops of oats, barley and other grain and roots.

Mr. Blaine showed his good sense and taste in the few words which he spoke at St. Thomas, Ont., a few days ago. He closed with these terms of wisdom: "Your and our interests are closely united, and the tendency is, and ought to be, that we will grow closer and closer together. Whether we will ever be united depends on you. When you come, we will give you a cordial welcome, but we never want you to come till you make the first move yourselves."

On the same subject, that staid old paper, the *Journal de Québec*, has a quiet answer to those who find fault with the majority of the province, as an integral factor of the Dominion. It denies that its people are in any way a disturbing element, and affirms that they desire no change, being well pleased with existing institutions. It is only natural that they love the country as much as, if not more than, the other sections of the people, inasmuch as they have lived longer and toiled harder at the soil.

We are afraid that the Germans are laying themselves open to the compliment of ingenuity in doing small things. The latest trick is the ban against displaying in shop windows or selling any print with French title or legend thereon. When there is danger of hurting the plate itself, a piece of paper, with the German words, is pasted over the French text. No wonder that the leading publishers and the art purveyors loudly utter their annoyance at this trifling.

"Observer," in the *Globe*, pays a tribute to the Montreal cab service, which he pronounces superior to that of Toronto. He might have gone further, and safely said that there is none like it on this continent for cheapness, comfort and despatch. For five and twenty cents you are carried to almost any part of the city. The carriages are handsome, the horses good, and the drivers obliging as a rule.

THE TRASCASPIAN RAILWAY.

We wish to call the special attention of our readers to the views of the Transcaspian Railway, which we publish in the present issue. The reason is that it is the only rival to the Canadian Pacific Railway for direct trade with the Eastern world, and China and Japan.

Next year—unless grave events disturb the peace of Europe—the great line of Siberian railways will have been begun and will be continuously built between St. Petersburg and Vladivostock, on the sea of Japan, in face of the Canadian Pacific, which abuts at Victoria, on the other side of the Pacific. At first the cost of this gigantic work was set down at six hundred millions of roubles, but it has since been ascertained that one-half of that amount, or three hundred millions of roubles, will be amply sufficient. As to the time of completion, it is estimated that three years will be an easy limit, a great deal having been learned from the unprecedented experience of the Canadian Pacific.

Oozon-Ada is the port of arrival on the Caspian Sea. It is already a lively business place. It has a regular steamer service with Astrachan, Russia, Bakoo, the Caucasus and Persia, every week. The cotton trade is very brisk and great, a vessel laden with bales taking its departure

daily. The same remark may be applied to the tea trade, and to the commerce in silks.

The general view of the railway appears in one of our sketches, near the Kopet-Dagh mountains, on the frontier of Persia. At the foot of these hills are found some Turkoman families, with their flocks, tarrying there because there only they can procure the slight quantity of water necessary to their subsistence. Water is the great problem of existence in Central Asia. The soil of the whole country is so rich that, according to the Turkoman saying, if you plant a stick in the sand, and sprinkle it, you have a tree. On the other hand, where water is wanting, the land becomes a desert within a short time. Where arose, in former days—in the oasis of Merv, for instance—flourishing cities, with one hundred thousand inhabitants and more, such as Sultan-Sandjar and Bayzam-Ali, one day the dykes which held the waters captives were destroyed by the invader, Tamerlane or Nadir-Shah. The life-giving water was lost in the sands, carrying away with them the life of these happy and flourishing cities, which are, to this day, desolate ruins where reign solitude and death. But the past may yet be made to revive. The Emperor of Russia has purchased, in the neighbourhood of Merv, a vast domain, where he means to rebuild the great dyke destroyed by Tamerlane. The waters brought in to bounds once more will bring back the fertility and riches of by-gone ages. As a makeshift, in the meantime, the Russians have renewed, before the eyes of the natives, the prodigy of Moses striking water from the rocks. Through iron pipes the water is brought down from the mountains to the Geok-Tepee station.

There are immense spaces wholly deprived of water. Between Oozon-Ada and Kivil-Arsat no water is to be found, for hundreds of miles, and the only source of supply is by means of distilled water from the sea, conveyed in service trains, as shown in our sketch, for the stations, reservoirs and guard-houses, distributed in large numbers throughout the desert places.

Another serious and dangerous drawback to the Transcaspian Railway are the sudden whirlwinds, driving mountains of sands, which blot the line and all landmarks at one sweep. To obviate these terrible inroads of the elements, palisades and sheds, similar to the snow-guards and tunnels of the Canadian Pacific, are placed along the track. There is also a plant, with deep roots, called "sanaool," which helps to arrest the movement of the sand, as the pine tree does on shifting downs, and furnishes artificial helps for protection along the railway. At the most exposed parts the roadbed is covered with slippery clay, over which the billows of sand roll on without stopping.

These devices, which are sufficient in ordinary weather, are quite inadequate after a wind and sand storm. Then the roadbed has to be cleared, as depicted in our engraving. A body of navvies, under the management of a section engineer, make an attack on these obstructed points. In an emergency the neighbouring Turkomans are drafted for this work of life or death.

While on the subject of the Transcaspian Railway, we may refer to the ruins of the ancient town of Annaou, which, during the Middle Ages, was one of the most popular cities of Central Asia, and was ravaged by Tamerlane. These ruins are on the south of the Transcaspian line, not far from Askabad, the capital of the Transcaspian province. Our sketch represents the grand

mosque overlooking the town. It is of imposing dimensions, and, although in ruins, still displays an imposing appearance. Like all the cities of Central Asia, this mosque is built of brick, baked in the sun, and partially covered with enamelled porcelain of a by-gone golden age. Furthermore, the whole region of the Merv oasis, through which the Transcaspian Railway crosses, is strewn with dead cities, over which the wild beasts of the desert roam at will.

FAIRY ROCKS.

Mr. George Creed, of South Randon, N.S., writes to the *Gazette* an account of the remarkable petroglyphs of the Fairy Rocks, in Queen's County, from which we detach the chief extracts. Those of our readers who take an interest in that branch of archaeological study may refer to the writer for transcriptions:—

During a visit to North Queens, in 1882, mention was noticed in Moore's history of the county of curious rock inscriptions, and the spot was visited. Great curiosity and interest were then felt, but frequent mention of these petroglyphs produced no effect until after four years, when correspondence with Col. Mallery, of the Smithsonian Institution, commenced, opened up, through Rev. Dr. Rand, the enthusiastic and unwearied labourer in behalf of the Mic-Mac Indians. Arrangements for a visit to the spot were made, but circumstances prevented the arrival of Col. Mallery until 21st September, 1877. As we feared, from the lateness in the season, much of the inscribed rock was then submerged, and unfavourable weather prevented our remaining more than two days. The colonel was well supplied with such materials and outfit as it was judged would be suitable for copying such inscriptions, but the difference in character and in the surface on which they occur between these and all previously examined was so great as to render the materials unavailable. On their failure, my aniline "copying pencil" was tried, with better results, and a few representative "etchings" were transcribed. By removing the blacklead from a common cedar pencil and substituting a fragment from my violet aniline I enabled the colonel to do a little tracing. Having with me a stone arrowhead, handed me by Mr. A. K. Ober, of Beverly, Mass., I tried its suitability as a graving tool, and found it adapted to the purpose. Sharp pieces of quartz have been found on the spot, which may have been used by the "artists" before their possession of steel tools.

Accompanied by my wife as tent-keeper and matron, and my two nephews, Messrs. Frank S. Creed, of Fredericton, N.B., and Geo. W. Davison, of Newport, Queens, as assistants, I camped on the shore of Kejimikoojic, on June 23. From that date until July 28 we worked assiduously at examining, tracing and copying, whenever the unfavourable weather would permit. At the close of five weeks under canvas, the water having risen so as to prevent further progress, we resolved to abandon the work on Saturday, 28th July, but rain rendered that day unfit for camp-breaking. and in the course of the afternoon Mrs. W. Wallace Brown and Col. Mallery, who had accidentally met on the way, put in an appearance. On the morning of the 30th Mrs. Brown succeeded in recopying a few of the nearest pictographs. On July 31st the whole party of six returned to Annapolis, Mrs. Brown and Capt. Mallery having been presented with a number of copies illustrative of different styles of subjects. Since that date much time has been spent in examining, arranging and classifying, as well as in lettering and numbering, the mass of copies secured. From the manner of transcribing, by pressing moistened paper on the surface previously traced with violet aniline, copies are, of course, in "negative." This is a serious defect, as it destroys the significance of gesture and manual sign-language in human figures, and renders alphabetic and hieroglyphic writing almost illegible. Many of the negatives have, therefore, been converted into positives by either of two processes devised for the purpose,

and efforts are now being made to produce a complete set of positive copies. Several copies of all the subjects selected for transcription from the rocks were made, and a copy of each has been deposited for safety in the fire-proof vaults under the province building at Halifax. Should copies be desired by any institution, they can be supplied, loose or pasted in portfolios, in classified order, positive or negative. The subjects are very varied, embracing the following classes, viz.: Purely symbolic, ornamental or decorative; totemic, ships, smaller vessels and canoes; quadrupeds, birds and reptiles, including fabulous or extinct species; alphabetic and hieroglyphic writings; human figures and hands, feet and other parts of the body; hunting and warlike scenes; pictures which are presumed to illustrate ancient legends; and very many of a nondescript and unclassified character. In size they vary from an inch or two to two feet square. They were found on all the suitable rock surface over a radius of six or seven miles. Among the marine depictions are some which may prove the etchers to have seen the ships of Thorold and his friends in the eleventh century, if not in A.D. 994.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A LEGEND OF THE RHONE.

ADAPTED FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "LÉGENDES DES SIÈCLES."

I.

The yellow Rhone flows gently to the sea. Clear, limpid stream, noiselessly falling into beautiful Lake Leman, and bearing its tides to wash the sands of Provence.

Two knights stood on its banks in the grey dawn. Young, ambitious, rivals in glory, jealous of each other's rising fame, closely mailed in steel-bright casque, metal visor, long spear, broadsword, thick shield, unyielding pluck. Roland and Oliver!

A boat was rocking at their feet in the eddies of the Rhone.

"Bateliers!"

Cried Oliver; and four stalwart peasants stepped forth from their huts in the neighbouring wood.

"Row us to yonder island!"

And they stepped in, rudely swaying the boat under the weight of their iron tread. Softly cleaves the boat the yellow waters of the Rhone, and beautiful before them rises the green island bright in the morning sunshine. The oarsmen look askant on their mailed passengers and glance stealthily at one another—not daring to speak. Who are they? What do they seek in the island at this early hour? The boat grates upon the pebbles of the shore, the warriors spring out and, in silence, march to a little hill overlooking the stream. "What can they mean?" whisper the sailors, as, pushing out a little, they rest upon their oars and watch the mysterious strangers.

Meantime, dews sparkle, flowers blossom, birds sing, breezes play on the island shore!

II.

Wordless stand the warriors, gazing at each other through the two openings of their visors—gazing with eyes of fire. They draw their magic swords—Oliver, his Closamont; Roland, his Durandal. Had you seen these warriors yesterday, you would have beheld two pages, gentle and pink as girls, playing among their comrades at home. Now, with their visors down, and harnessed in mail, they look like two ghosts of steel. Behold! They fight—body to body—black, speechless, dogged and in wrath. They fight so near, with low mutterings, that their warm, quick breath stains their breast-plates. Foot presses foot—sounds clash—helmets ring—pieces of hauberk and falchion bound, at every moment, into the grass or stream. The boatmen, in fear, allow their bark to drift, and gaze from far upon the scene. The combat goes on the whole day and all through the night. The sun rises and sets the second day, and still they fight. Rises and sets the third day, and still they fight. Rises and sets the fourth day, and still they fight.

Dews sparkle, birds sing, flowers blossom, breezes play, and in that still landscape fearful is the sound of clanging steel.

III.

The sun rises on the fifth day, and still they fight. Their casques are dented with blows, their breastplates checkered with sword thrusts, but the impenetrable mail is unhurt. The sun reaches the noon, darting his fierce fire on their crests, but they do not stop. The day begins to wane, when suddenly Oliver, stirred by a strange fancy, stops short and cries:—

"Roland, we shall never end this fight. We may go on for days and nights, and never come to a term. We are not wild beasts whose rage is insatiable. Were it not better for us to be brothers? Hear me! I have a sister, Maud, the blue-eyed. Wed her!"

"With all my heart!" Roland replied. "And now let us drink a health together."

The health was:—

"A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER."

And the saying has gone into all tongues.

The warriors twain their good fortune laud,
And thus the brave Roland espoused the fair Maud.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

LITERARY NOTES.

M. Frechette, the poet, is going back to militant journalism as editor of *La Patrie*.

M. Beaugrand, ex-mayor of Montreal, journalist and author, leaves within a few days for a three months' trip in Europe.

Pamphile Le May, of Quebec, and translator of "Evangeline," read a new poem before the Ville-Marie Cercle, in Montreal, last week.

The French journalists who went to France lately, on their yearly holiday, are enjoying themselves very much. Faucher de St. Maurice has run over to Algiers.

The most complete collection of old dramatic works owned in the Western States is the property of Guy Magee, a leading Chicago newspaper man. Guy is a Canadian, and has a host of friends in Montreal.

It is proposed to give a special course of lectures at McGill in the evenings to business men on matters which are likely to arise in every day business. The practical side of law will be brought to the front.

The untimely death of J. C. Dent, at the age of 47, is a distinct loss to Canadian letters. Besides his voluminous contributions to journalism, he was the author of "Eminent Canadians," "The Last Forty Years in Canada," and a "History of the Rebellion of 1837."

"A Legend of Marathon" is the title of a poem, printed for private circulation only. The author is one of the most distinguished judges of Ontario, composed the verses fifty years ago, and is now a septuagenarian. From the extracts given in the *Mail*, we agree with that journal that the poem should be set before the public, with the name of the poet.

The graphic despatches in the New York *World* from Florida, descriptive of the yellow fever, were written by a volunteer special correspondent, Mr. Francis R. King Hall, lately on the staff of the *Star*, and well known in Montreal. This young Englishman is not the first of his family to achieve distinction in fighting Yellow Jack. An uncle of his in the British navy was promoted for bravery in bringing a fever ship safely into quarantine. Mr. King Hall, although dissuaded from his purpose, persisted in his request to be allowed to go to Florida for the *World*.

ADIOUX AMONG THE SIOUX.

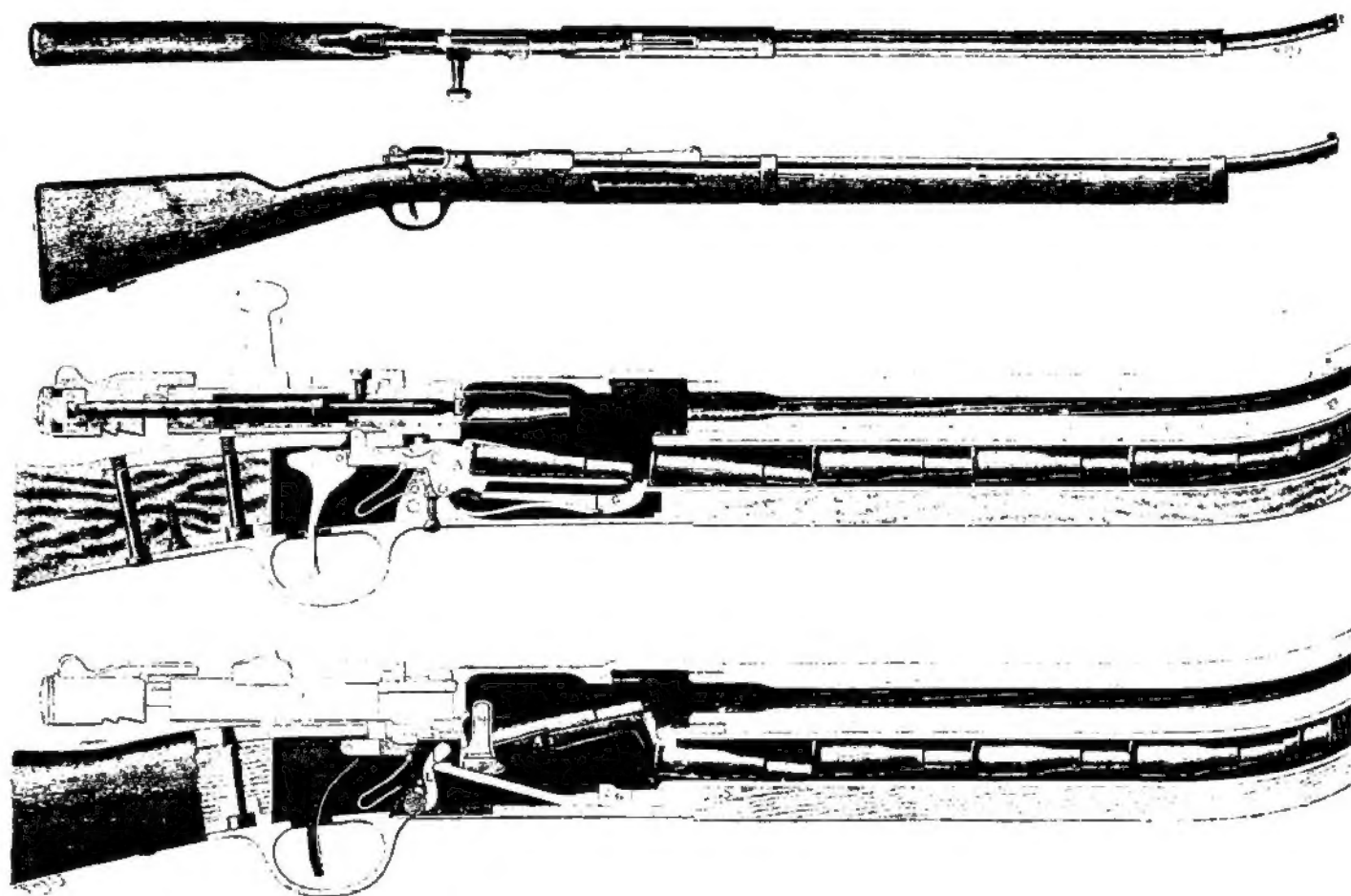
Now trouble brioux among the Sioux,
Because the whites their rights abiooux,
The sky is red with battle hiooux,
Big Injun, squaw, and young pappiooux
Are on the war-path by the slioux;
They're filled up with fiery clioux,
They swear their lands they will not lioux,
The thought of it gives them the blioux,
To yield an inch they will refioux,
They'll kick against the white man's yiooux,
And vow they'll raise the worst of stiooux;
"War to the knife" is what they chiooux,
And they'll shake some one out their shiooux
Before the later Autumn dioux,
If they don't from their lands vamioux,
So it is certain as the Jioux,
That whites would better mind their quiooux,
According to the latest nioux.

[This "skit" upon the sensational reports of revolts and raids of Indians in the Canadian and American Northwest, is not bad and has a smack of originality. It is from the pen of A. W. Bellaw, in *Puck*.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]



CAPT. HARTT, ST. JOHN RIFLES.
Winner of the Governor-General's Prize.

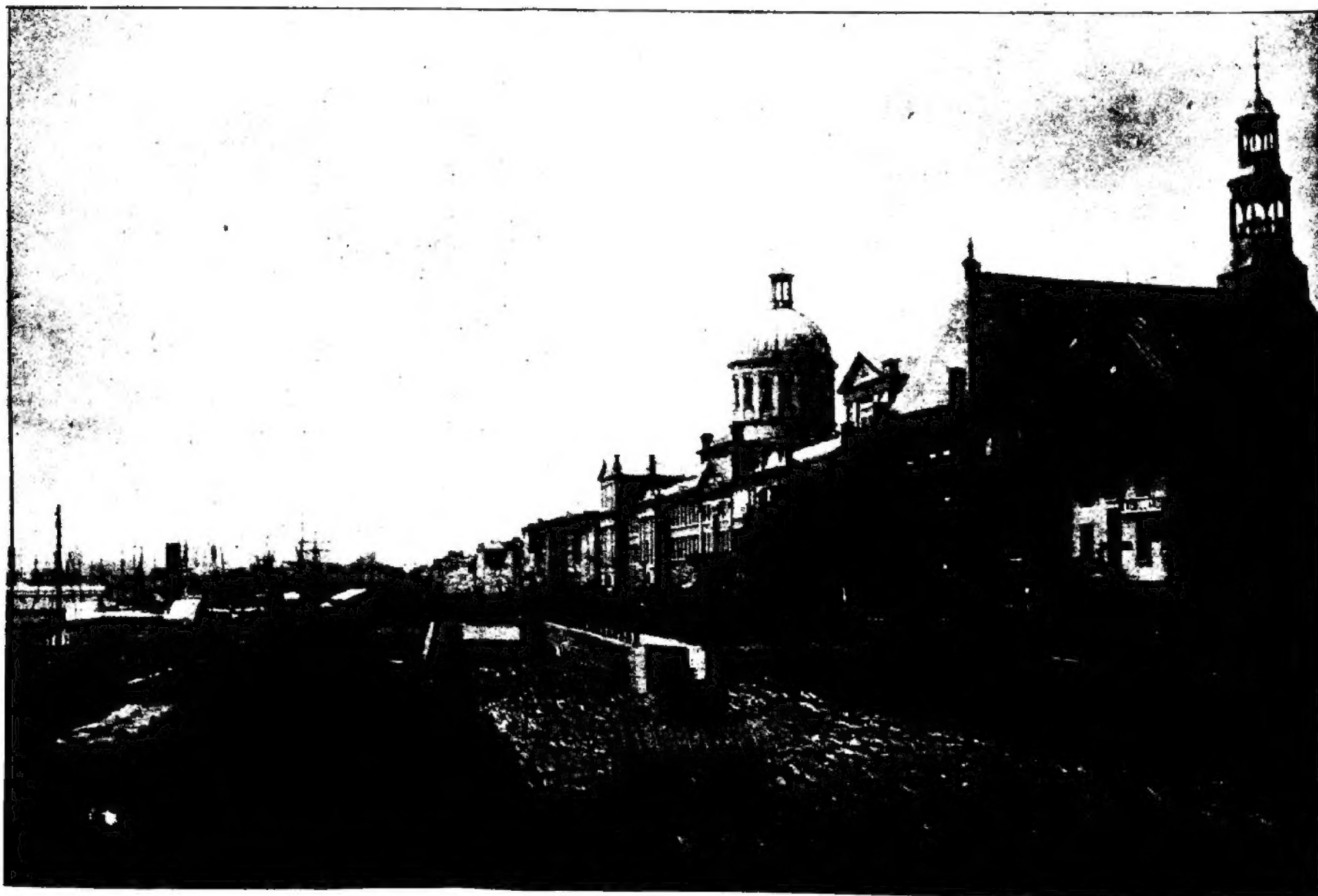
From a photograph by Topley.



THE LEBEL RIFLE.

Fig. 1, top view. Fig. 2, side view. Fig. 3, section, 1st position; showing the breech open, the empty cartridge extracted from the detonating chamber, and the cartridge holder lowered. Fig. 4, section, 2nd position; the cartridge about to be pushed into the detonating chamber by the action of closing the moveable breech.

From *L'Illustration*, Paris.



MONTREAL.—THE OLD BONSECOURS CHURCH, BONSECOURS MARKET AND WHARVES.

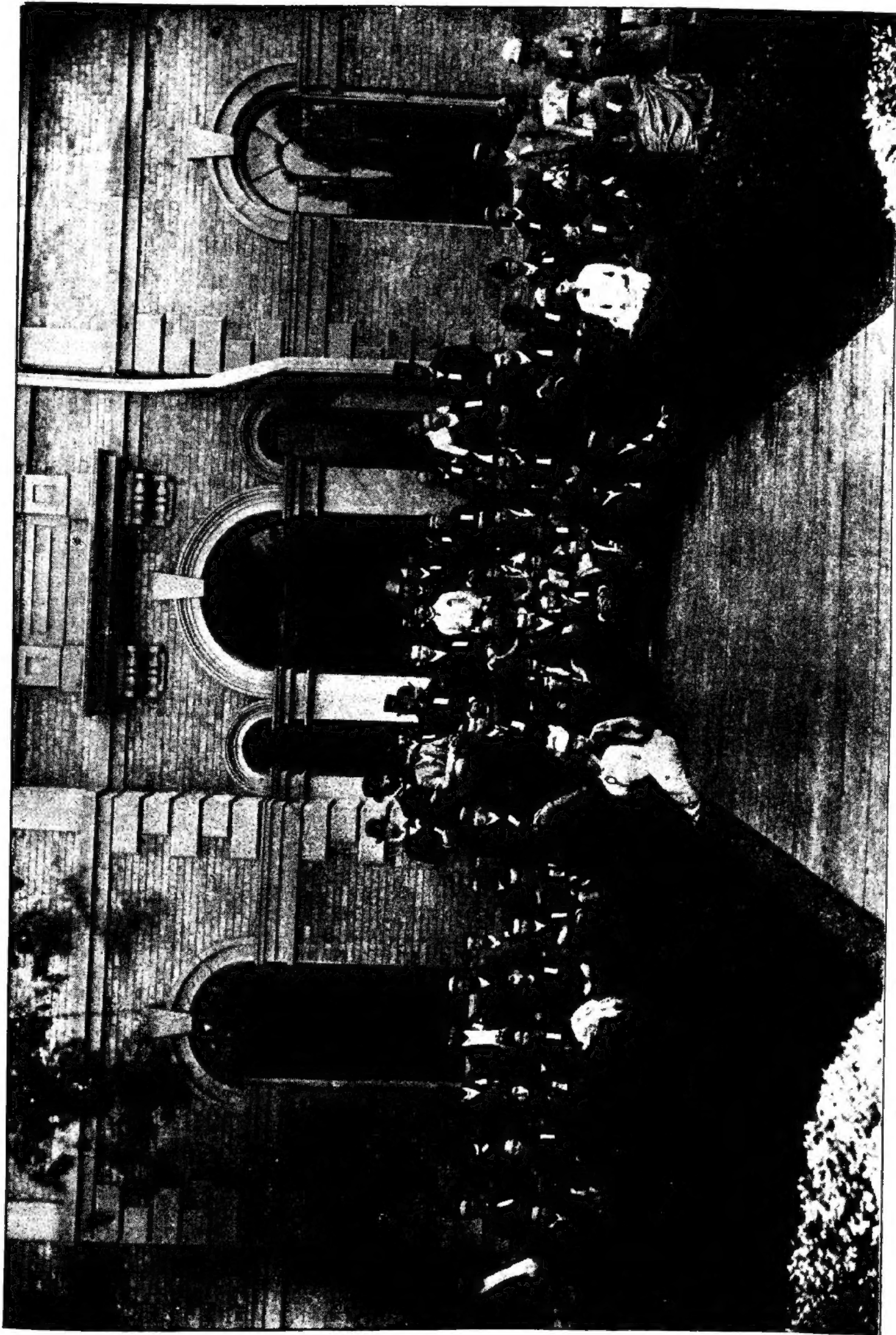
From a photograph by Henderson.

Taken before the alterations to the church, and the building of the dyke.

13th OCTOBER, 1888.

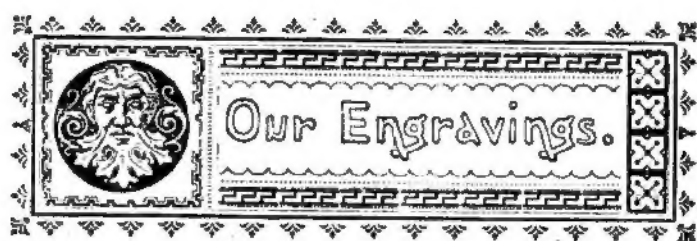
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THE TYPEWRITERS' CONVENTION, TORONTO.

From a photograph by Dixon.



HON. SIR J. S. D. THOMPSON.—The Minister of Justice is of Canadian birth, born at Halifax, on the 10th November, 1844, and educated there. His father was a native of Waterford, Ireland, and Queen's Printer and then Superintendent of the Money Order System of Nova Scotia. Sir John Thompson was called to the Bar of his native province in 1865, and made a Queen's Counsel in 1879. His first public act was his service as counsel on behalf of the U. S. Government, acting with the American Commission, sitting at Halifax, under the Washington Treaty. He next went into provincial politics, and was made a member of the Executive Council and Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, in 1878; was First Minister from May to July, 1882, when he was appointed a Judge of the Provincial Supreme Court. In 1885 he was made Minister of Justice of Canada and went to the House of Commons as Member for Antigonish. He wrought his mark from the first, took part in the work of the Joint High Fisheries Commission, at Washington, and was rewarded with a knighthood.

THE NEW LEBEL RIFLE.—This weapon, just introduced into the French army, is said to be the best of any in use. The reservoir is composed of a tube adjoining the barrel; the cartridges are set end to end; a round spring propels them backward into a trough A which, on rising, passes them on from the reservoir, when the moveable breech is put in motion. When the trough A is raised, an arresting claw G is set backward of the last cartridge remaining in the magazine or reservoir. A lever L, terminated by a button, is used to check the action of the repeating movements. When the lever is pushed forward the trough stays up, and the weapon works as a single-barreled gun, in which the cartridges are introduced by hand.

OLD BONSECOURS CHURCH AND MARKET.—This engraving deserves to be carefully kept as the remembrance of a scene that has passed away, of a landmark that has been swept off, in spite of the remonstrances of the press and public, who demanded that so-called modern improvements should not entail the destruction of the monument. The market has been spared, but the church, the oldest in Montreal, and hallowed by the most precious associations of two centuries, has virtually ceased to exist, and the memory of that relic survives only in our picture. The steep Norman roof; the airy and graceful steeple, with the Gallic cock turning and creaking on the top; the rickety houses stuck on the rear, like spider webs against a wall; all these are reproduced in the illustration. There is also a more agreeable view of the port of Montreal to be found there than the reality now presents, since that hideous embankment—that eye-sore of a dyke—built at the cost of over \$50,000, for fancied resistance to the ice of the St. Lawrence, obstructs the sight, and spoils the appearance of that fine line of revetment wall which once was the brightest object that struck the eye of the traveller arriving from up or down the river.

LAC BRULÉ.—Here is another of those beautiful scenes in the fishing waters of the Laurentian Club, particulars of which we gave a fortnight ago. Whatever "Burnt Lake" may mean, the woods around its margin are thick and tufted; the waters are bright; the rocky, moss-clad islets break the windings; and that queen of all the craft that floats, the birch-bark canoe—a perfectly finished one, too, by the way—glides through the peaceful solitude.

LAKE MONROE.—To the same series belongs the view of the Laurentian Club camp on Lake Monroe, so called, doubtless, from one of the members, if not from some old settler of that wilderness. This is a gloomier picture than its companions. It is fishing weather. The skies are laden with clouds; the woods are black with shadows; rain is falling on the lake, and two birch barks are being set into position for a trial of the finny depths. There is a dog in one boat; a punt, down the shore, lying empty; and, in front, stands forth the substantial log-house, with an out-house beyond, where the club have their quarters.

LA BELLA MANO.—A thoroughly Venetian picture, to which there may be a sonnet attached, by the poet-painter, Gabriel Dante Rossetti. The title of the painting suggests a study of beautiful hands, and the reader will judge for himself whether those of the fair ablutionist are anatomically correct, or whether they are not lengthened beyond the tape. The three faces of girls are worthy of comparison. The drapery of the two figures in the foreground is a model of grace, while the bric-a-brac on the wall and furniture of the background must, in the colours of the original painting, be very rich and mellow.

DELILAH.—This name is written "Dalila," in the Vulgate and other versions, but she was a Philistine, all the same, and sits there on her bed, upheld by wolves' snouts and overspread with a lion skin, plotting the destruction of her giant lover. The pose is superb. The curve of the bare left arm, with its broad bracelets and chains; the outstretched right arm and hand holding a bodkin; the crossed legs made pivotal ready for a spring, and the bad, hireling eyes, lengthening out the covetous, oval face, all show that the harlot is about to succeed in her third attempt upon Samson, shave his seven locks, and get the money of the princes of the Philistines in reward for her treachery. The whole story is found in xvth Judges.

FATAL FALL FROM A BALLOON AT OTTAWA.

In commenting, last week, upon the accidents so frequently attendant on holiday demonstrations, I little thought that within a few days I was to be an eye-witness of a most horrible tragedy. The very shocking disaster which occurred during the Central Canada Fair at Ottawa has probably been made known to many of my readers through the columns of the daily press. On the second day of the exhibition, one of the principal features of the programme was the balloon ascension, and the descent of the aeronaut therefrom by means of a parachute. The charming afternoon and the features of the fair had attracted to the grounds over twenty thousand interested spectators. During the period of the balloon's gradual inflation all eyes were centred on its growing bulk. At last away it goes. But what is that man doing that he should cling to its soaring surface? Can it be that before he had presence of mind to let go, he has been swept away with it? The crowd is horror-stricken. The balloon is now eight hundred feet in the air. Still clinging to the encircling seam, the doomed man swings himself vigorously to and fro, as if testing the possibility of a slanting jump into the basket beneath. But he is too far from it. At last he throws his hands up in despair and sinks. His hat falls off, and he raises his hands to his head as if to protect it. The seconds seem long, and the fatal fall seems slow. Although he strikes the earth some distance away, the thud can be heard upon the grounds. At the age of twenty-two, Thomas Wensley thus meets his death. It has often been said that in a panic men are worse than cattle. The many children present were at the mercy of a crowd that was running rough-shod over everything. Thousands crowded in the direction of the fall. But the victim had been immediately carried to a neighbouring house, so there was little in that direction to be seen. The temperament of a panic remained in the crowd during the rest of the afternoon. In returning to the city, people would rush across the road, in front of horses, and then rush back again, without any apparent reason. At the boat the pushing was so great that many were in imminent danger of being crowded into the water.

The only evidence in connection with this fatal flight that would be conclusive can never be obtained. Circumstances seem to indicate that the ascent in the manner described was premeditated. It is stated by persons who were standing near the balloon when it started that due warning was given to let go. Even ten or fifteen feet from the ground the young man might have jumped without sustaining any very serious injury. The aeronaut, Mr. Williams, called out imploring him to let go. He no doubt thought if Mr. Williams can hold on to the parachute, he himself could hold on to the balloon. A rope within the canvas could be held easily enough when the canvas was loose, but if the canvas tightened, as it subsequently did, it must necessarily force his fingers off. Thus was achieved a feat of which the fame will never be enjoyed by its performer. And the cloud of mystery in which it is enveloped is deepened, rather than relieved, by his premonition in a recent dream that he was flying through the air. But now he sleeps

The sleep that knows no waking.

ACUS.

SONNET.

Sweet-throated minstrels of the airy seas,
Through whose inhabitable waves ye rove
From covert-isle to continental grove,
Whose songs are lifted on each billowy breeze
Like surging murmurs, which the land-winds seize
And bear across the hills behind the cove,
There, like the cooings of some lone, lost dove,
To soothe the soul with plaintive lullabies—
Ye warblers gay, that fill the leafy trees
With music, suitable to services
In Nature's temple, teach me how to move
Her untouch'd heart with strains of purest love,
That by such soul-inspiring melodies
She, listening, may learn and, singing, I may please.
Montreal. SAREPTA.

CANUCKIANA.

In the groves of Hochelaga, Felix Couillard was taken for a bird. He noticed a beech tree heavily laden with nuts. To get some he climbed up in the tree. Two sportsmen with guns passed, and hearing a noise in the tree, fired, amid the yells of the unfortunate nut-seeker. They brought him to the ground, and sent him to the hospital.

From the hills of Abbotsford, on the Yamaska, where stand the famous Gibb orchards, with a glass fifty-five steeples are seen and, on a bright day, the Citadel of Quebec; Mt. Johnson; the line of the Richelieu; Belœil Mt.; the "Pinnacle" of Frelighsburg, the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks.

A Kingston clergyman explained to his congregation that in Winnipeg whenever a one cent piece is found on the collection plate it is assumed that a person from Ontario has been to Church. This is libellous, says a Toronto paper, because everybody knows that Ontario people place five cent pieces on the plate, largely because there is no smaller silver coin. Still, in Toronto, as in Winnipeg, the collection plate is generally bright with coppers.

The Detroit River opposite Amherstburg lies wholly within Canadian territory. It is therefore, says the N. Y. Herald, a question whether the Dominion Government might not exercise a greater control over American lake commerce than Americans could over Canadian. That commerce is greater than five times the tonnage of the Suez Canal.

Living in St. Paul, Minn., to-day, is Charlotte Latturelle, probably La Tourelle, a French-Canadian woman, born in 1776, or 112 years ago. For the past fifty years she has supported herself by making and selling mats. She went to St. Paul in 1835, at that time an Indian village, when not a house was visible. Her first husband was a fiddler. Her second is now 85 years old, well off, residing in Oregon, but she will not live with him, but prefers to support herself. Her mother lived to 120 years.

Professor H. Montgomery, of Dakota, has found the remains of an extinct race, which he has called the Mound-Builders. He excavated 21 mounds last year, and each averaged fifty feet in diameter, with a range of from twenty to ninety feet, and was five feet high. Seventy-one skeletons of human beings were taken from these mounds.

As these mounds are plentiful throughout Canada, and present the same problem to us, it may be well to add that the professor is of the opinion that these skeletons belong to a Mongolian race, not such as the Chinamen of to-day, but a larger-sized people. Some of them were six feet in length. Buried in these mounds were also skeletons of bears and other animals, and, as altars of clay were found, it is believed these animals were offered as a sacrifice, and that many of the mounds were sacrificial.

The Cascade Mountains include the largest forests of fir, pine and cedar timber in the world, covering an area of 60,000 square miles, of which four-fifths are forest. The red and yellow firs are from 25 to 40 per cent. stronger than the white pine. Sticks of almost any length and thickness can be obtained. The ordinary dimensions are from 2½ to 4 feet in diameter, and 150 to 250 feet in height. Larger trees, cutting 25,000 to 35,000 feet of dimension lumber, are not uncommon.

This is significant. A large number of farmers residing in Dakota have petitioned the Federal Government to open, for homestead settlement, township 1, range 6, west of principal meridian, Manitoba. Their reasoning is that the excessive taxation at the rate of four and one-half cents on the dollar, together with the fact that everything a man possesses, from a steam engine to the watch in his pocket, is subject to assessment, renders farming or cattle raising as a business unremunerative. They are glad to be once more under the British flag, which they heartily regret ever having left.

The Victoria schooner *Theresa* has left for the black cod banks off Queen Charlotte Islands. It took along white fishermen, who fish from the schooner with trawls, instead of relying upon the Indians, who will only venture out in fine weather, and even in rainy days will not fish. Though it is late in the season, it is thought the schooner will fill her tanks and make a quicker trip than before.

For the Mayor, Sir Donald Smith requested the Governor-General to give his name to the new park at Vancouver. The gracious reply of His Excellency is as follows:

CITADEL, QUEBEC, September 1, 1888.

DEAR SIR DONALD SMITH,—I am much obliged for your communication of the 30th ult., and need hardly say what pleasure it gives me to accede to your proposal—that the new public park at Vancouver should be named the "Stanley Park" after me. I hope that ere long I may have an opportunity of paying a visit to that city, which promises to become one of the most important in the Dominion.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) STANLEY OF PRESTON.

Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G.

LUNDY'S LANE.

The following valuable notes, being too lengthy and numerous for embodiment into our Historical Column, are here given, with credit to that painstaking and well-made weekly, the *Orillia Packet*:

A meeting of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society was held recently at Drummondville, when about twenty members were present. The proceedings were most interesting. Four classes of members of the society were adopted—resident, corresponding, honorary and life members. A member reported that very shortly two drums used at the battle of Lundy's Lane would be placed in his possession for the benefit of the society. Other relics were also spoken of. Two members gave an interesting account of a visit to Lundy's Lane thirty-two years ago by a United States military fraternity, together with Gen. Scott, of 1814 fame, bearing the name of "Bucktails," on account of wearing buckskin trousers. Gen. Scott, on the occasion of his visit, was very cheerful, and spoke of his wound at Lundy's Lane battle, and that he lay for some time at a spot where Whybra's forge now stands on the rising hill. It was then recounted how the American forces withdrew toward Street's mills and Chippawa; so did Gen. Drummond, a short distance only, towards the north, very naturally, but held possession of the battle-ground, and very early next morning removed the British and American cannon to Queenston. On the same visit, thirty-two years ago, there was a friendly interchange of historic accounts, and testing the light soil where two piles of rails had been placed for burning many remains which could not otherwise be disposed of.

The president reported that other historic societies had lately been organized in Canada. In the Province of Quebec, and other maritime provinces, there is a growing interest in the study of Canadian history. If our schools and colleges in Ontario and Quebec do not encourage the study of history, societies must be formed that will do so. It is a singular fact that there is only one headstone in memory of any of the British officers who fell at Lundy's Lane battle, July 25th, 1814. It is in memory of Lieut. William Hemphill, of the Royals, who fell on the night of the battle. The headstones which mark other graves of officers indicate other engagements, as: Lieut.-Col. Gordon and Capt. Torrens, of the Royals, who were killed at Fort Erie; Robert Dossie Patteson, captain in the 7th Regiment of Infantry, Royal, 1st Warwickshire, who also fell at Fort Erie, 17th September, 1814; Lieut.-Col. Hon. Cecil Bishopp, 1st Foot Guards, and Inspecting Field Officer in Upper Canada, who died 16th July, 1813, in consequence of a wound received by a stray shot while returning in a small boat after the brilliant capture of Black Rock, Buffalo, 11th July. Besides these graves in Lundy's Lane cemetery, there are also those of Col. Delater and Major Leonard, who lived a few years afterward, and

were interred there. Capt. Patteson's monument is of massive Scotch granite, with a marble tablet; it is costly and durable. The other memorials require attention and repairs. The graves and headstones of Capt. James Secord (militia) and of his wife, Laura Secord, the heroine of June 24th, 1813, are much neglected, and indicate the necessity of some worthy improvements. They died at Chippawa, but lie mid hundreds of others equally meritorious, whose graves are unmarked and unknown, in the same cemetery. The president announced that Rev. Mr. Fessenden, of Chippawa, has agreed to give a lecture in October on the "United Empire Loyalists," on behalf of this society, and E. Cruickshank, of Fort Erie, on the battle of Lundy's Lane, in November.

The corresponding secretary, Rev. Canon Houston, was requested to ask the Minister of Militia for a list of the officers and men engaged in the battle of Lundy's Lane, and also to correspond with the Horse Guards for a similar list of the regular troops. In Christ churchyard, Omeamee, the remains of Ensign Hancock, who carried the King's colours of one of the regiments at Lundy's Lane, are interred, and we regret to say the headstone is fallen, if not broken. It should be restored by the parish, in which he resided many years. An uncle of Mr. A. G. Robinson, C.E., Orillia, the late Major "Bill" Robinson, of the 8th King's Regiment, was struck in the mouth by two buckshot at this battle. He was presented with a valuable sword by the Canadian Government at the close of the war, for his services in drilling the militia, and returned to the old country, where he died. It is to be regretted that no action has yet been taken upon the suggestion of Mr. J. M. Hunter, of Barrie, to form a historical society for the County of Simcoe. There is interesting work for such a society about Penetanguishene or Orillia alone.

ANCIENT PEOPLES OF NORTH AMERICA.

Major J. W. Powell, of the U. S. Army, thus summarizes the result of his own investigation: The wealth and variety of materials of American history are but little appreciated. The people who inhabited the American continent before its discovery were not all of one race, but of many. In North America alone there were more than seventy-five distinct stocks, having radically distinct languages and mythologies, having independent and diverse institutions, and having diverse and multifarious arts. At the north we have the igloo dwellers that live by the shores of the frozen seas; farther to the south we have races occupying dwellings made of forest timber; other races wove their habitations of reeds; others built their towns of the clay of mother earth; and others erected their buildings of stones quarried from the cliffs; while still others hewed themselves habitations in the solid rock. Some dwelt in towering and almost inaccessible cliffs, while other towns were erected among the crags and cinders of extinct volcanoes. Some races were hunters, other races were fishermen, still other races were agriculturists. Some races worshipped the sun and moon and stars, and the gods of the cardinal points; other races made the mountains and the rivers the object of their principal worship; and all worshipped strange mythologic beasts.

All of the tribes were organized into bodies politic as bodies of kindred, but the method of organization was multifarious. Many tongues were spoken; harsh consonantal and guttural languages were found in the cold climate of the extreme north; and south, vocalic and musical languages were found in the sunny lands of the middle zones. Everywhere the tribes had learned to use picture writing, and to record events with pictures of men and beasts and many conventional signs. They made tools and implements of stone and bone and shell and horn and wood. They made canoes and boats of bark and logs, they made rafts and basket boats of weeds, and they made kayaks of skins; and in such crafts they navigated the rivers, the lakes and the seas. The relics of all these mythologies, religions, insti-

tutions, languages, and arts must be recovered, if we are to preserve the ancient history of America; and the work must be done soon, or they will be lost.

THE CANADIAN SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

This society was established in August, 1882, in Toronto, at a convention presided over by Ald. John Taylor, an old writer of experience and ability. The papers presented at the first meeting were excellent in character. In the evening a public meeting was held in the City Hall, at which leading citizens were present. The Secretary of the Society at its organisation, and for two years afterward, was Mr. Thomas Bengough. Since then the secretary's office has been occupied by Frank Yeigh, private secretary to the Hon. A. S. Hardy; Geo. H. Smith, of the Canada Permanent Building society; Charles H. Brooks, now secretary to the Canadian Business University, and N. S. Dunlop. The President's chair has been occupied by the following gentlemen: Ald. Taylor, Toronto; Geo. B. Bradley, chief of the *Hansard* staff, Ottawa; Thomas Bengough, official reporter of the York County Courts, Toronto; E. E. Horton, official reporter High Court of Justice, Toronto; F. W. Wodell, then of the *Spectator*, Hamilton; Thomas Pinkey, of the Farmers' Loan Company, Toronto; and Thomas McGillicuddy, secretary to the Chief of the Bureau of Industries, Toronto. The conventions of the society have formed the chief event in the Canadian shorthand world each year. At every meeting there has been something of special interest to attract the fraternity. In 1883, by invitation from this society, the International Shorthand congress, comprising in its membership the leading stenographers of the United States and Canada, held their annual meeting in Toronto as the guests of this society, and that meeting of the international body was the most successful in its history. The Canadian society has done a great deal to foster and promote fraternal feeling between Canadian and American stenographers, and every year several of the leading shorthand writers from across the line make it a point to visit their Canadian brethren.

The society at first was organized with two classes of members, those of the professional class, who would not be admitted without a test of competency for verbatim reporting, called senior members, and those who used shorthand as amanuenses merely, who were called juniors. Owing, however, to the Canadian Shorthand Writers' Association—an organisation which had been planned for the purpose of keeping up prices among professional shorthand writers—being revived, and as that association dealt with the question of tests and tariff, the Canadian society was relieved from this troublesome duty. The constitution was therefore revised so as to do away with tests, and the membership now consists of two classes—those who use the art of shorthand professionally, called active members, and those who take an interest in the art, though they may not use it, who are called associates.

The leading feature of the recent convention, held in the Normal School, Toronto, on the 13th of last month, was a speed contest between operators of writing machines. Ten contestants entered the lists, and the affair assumed an international character, as there were seven operators from across the line. Three handsome medals were offered by the society in this unique tourney, besides a number of substantial cash prizes. All the parties concerned expressed themselves as thoroughly satisfied with the manner in which the speed contest was conducted. The Minister of Education presented the prizes to the winners.

The Canadian Shorthand Society was never in so prosperous a condition as it is to-day. Already plans are being formed to make the annual gathering next summer an attractive one to all interested in shorthand and typewriting. It is also proposed to have a full and free discussion of the leading systems of stenography during the regular monthly meetings of the society, and all matters pertaining to the winged art will be treated from a broad and truly liberal standpoint.

A LAURENTIAN CLUB RESORT.

From photographs by Henderson.



LAC BRULÉ, LOOKING WEST.



CLUB CAMP, LAKE MONROE.



LA BELLA MANO.

From a painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

WHITE LILIES.

BY HUNTER DUVAR.

I.

Long ago there lived a great lord, whose castle was in a kingdom where there were always great wars. The king of that country was a cruel tyrant, which made all his barons tyrants too, so that they oppressed the common people, for the nobles always follow the bad ways of their king, and that brings misery and trouble on the land. The baron I speak of had lived to middle life, in the midst of war and turmoil, till at length he thought he would marry and settle down and employ his leisure in hunting boars when he was not hunting men. Now, it chanced that near him lived a lady of high estate, beautiful exceedingly, but more haughty than if she had been a king's daughter, for she owned, in her own right, a great part of the country, as well as the mountains, where elves and erdsprites and gnomes had their homes. A marriage was arranged between the baron and this haughty lady and it was to be celebrated with great pomp. Lords and ladies were to come from far and near, and there were to be tournaments by day and the dance of the *pavon*, or peacock, at night, with much feasting. Gallant minstrels on prancing steeds, with their jongleurs, or attendants, on mules, carrying the rebecs and music of the masters, filed in, to the great content of the ladies, who hoped to hear their own praises carolled as the fairest of the fair, and to see some knight knocked on the head, or run through the midriff, in trying to prove that his favourite She was as fair as minstrels had sung. Everything was to be as gay, fantastic and cruel as befitted the cultivated taste of the high-born company that would be there assembled. As it was not necessary with so rich a lady to make any marriage settlements on the bride, the baron served out new doublets to his jackmen, and made known the programme of the day, detailing as many men as could be spared to make an imposing procession, with a strong reserve to hold the salient points of the castle and take the initiative in firing on any of the guests that attempted a surprise. None of the commonalty were to be admitted, it being felt that their presence would be vulgar, but in return for many days' hard labour in preparing for the occasion, without wages, a quantity of beef and ale was sent to the hamlet, that lay about three arrow-flights from the outer defences.

Now, it happened that, from time immemorial, friendship had existed between the elves of the hill and the ancestors of the haughty lady who was now a bride. Not a marriage or birth in the direct line of descent but the elves had sent to pay their compliments, and when any evil or misfortune was about to befall, notice was given by voices crying mournfully, as can be proved by many credible witnesses. Accordingly, on the occasion of the stout baron's nuptials with the haughty lady, one of the elves of the hill was deputed to pay their respects. This lady-elf did herself in her best attire and took a basket of white buds on her arm, and put on her steeple hat and her gown, with so many short skirts, that she looked quite bunch-about; also her buckled shoes and red stockings, as if she were high up in holy orders. Thus accounted, she presented herself on the threshold of the baron's hall and gravely said "safe all here!"

"Arroynt thee, jade!" cried the baron, who was flushed with wine; "what fool's egg-wife have we here?"

"May it please your Valiancy," replied an old retainer, "this is one of the Good Elves, whom it is ill-fortune to unfriend."

"Good wife or ill wife!" roared the incensed noble. "What ho! menials! Scourge me this old guy off the premises, and see that ye spare not stirrup leather!"

The unwilling grooms obeyed orders and belted her to the edge of the mote, where she majestically shot up to a stupendous height, and, stretching forth her arm in a threatening attitude, said in a voice that all the company heard:

"Hark thee! proud and cruel lord! No son

shall bear thy name. Thy house shall pass away without a head, and the flowers shall wither on thy grave." Then she disappeared.

The impenitent baron spluttered forth some of the worst epithets in the language, and called on the musicians to strike up, which they did, and the nuptial feast lasted its three days, and came to an end with no more than the usual quantity of cracked helms and broken bones.

II.

Seven years passed on and seven daughters had been born to the warlike baron, but no son. Then the haughty lady died and the seven little maids were motherless.

I have already said that the king of that country was a cruel tyrant, and he was much addicted to hanging up his subjects on lamp-posts, on slight pretext. This he called "Regulating the Commons." A favourite employment of his leisure was besieging and burning the baronial castles in his dominions and putting the owners to fire and sword and confiscating their estates, which he described as "Repressing the Nobles." Ostensibly he was desirous of building up a middle class, which he did by imposing immense fines on every industry, and retaining in his own hands the monopoly of wool, salt and other paying businesses. The domain of the crown thus grew very large, and the principal officers of his staff were the provost-marshal and headsman. He was his own chancellor of the exchequer and his prime minister was also his barber. In addition to this he was a very pious person, and stuck images of saints in his hat, for which he is well spoken of in history. Notwithstanding his good intentions, the monarch was exposed to the ingratitude of his people. It is true the commonalty could do nothing but submit to be hanged, and the middle class must either pay or be starved out, but the turbulence of the nobles was such that they retreated to their strongholds and showed fight. Among these truculent barons was the father of the seven little maids, who fortified his castle and, summoning in his tenants on pain of instant death, several times defeated the royal contingent sent against him. This undutiful conduct so wounded the monarch's feelings that he sent a polite message to the rebellious noble to the effect that he, the king himself, would (D.V.) come in person, on Tuesday of next week, as soon after breakfast as convenient, and decapitate him on his own doorstep. Which the good king did, and likewise hanged the garrison, besides burning the castle, but the seven small daughters were not to be found, notwithstanding that the king (who was somewhat parsimonious) offered a reward of a florin a head, or three dollars and a half for the lot, vowing by St. Jude that when he caught them he would have them brought up as scullions in a convent or thrown to the horseboys. Thus was the first part of the elf-wife's prophecy fulfilled, for the race of the baron was, literally and figuratively, without a head.

Meantime the seven little maids had been rescued and spirited away by the good old seneschal and his wife and conveyed to a small chateau far away and retired. Here they grew, in strict seclusion, from childhood to youth, and a lovelier bevy of damsels could not have been found in all fair France. As it would have attracted attention and discovery had they worn mourning garments for their father's death, their thoughtful guardians clad them in white, which colour they continued to wear, and when they grew up they were known to the few persons who were aware of their existence as the White Ladies. In due course of time the cruel king was poisoned by his *chef*, and his successor on the throne was occupied in fighting for a foreign duchy that he had no claim to and no use for, so that he had no time to seek out a parcel of women, who could not bear arms either for or against him. When their good protector and his wife died the ladies lived alone, the elder taking care of the younger. But the fame of their beauty had spread and reached the gallants of the period, whose chivalrous fancy painted them as something lovely and mysterious.

Now, seven gallant young knights of the first circle, feat and honourable as knights of the Table

Round, were looking out for adventures and heard of the seven White Ladies. Although many a lance had they shivered in joust for ladies' charms, their hearts were untouched, and their hard blows in honour of this or that fair one's beauty, in those belabouring times, were no more sincere than the drawling compliments that men pay now-a-days to a beauty at an evening party. The fame of the virtues and the comeliness of the recluse sisters awoke all that was pure and noble in the hearts of the seven young youths and predisposed them to love. Accordingly they set out together, gay and gallant, unattended by squires or other spies, and diplomatically taking advantage of an impending thunder storm as an excuse, drew up, with a great clatter of arms, at the gate of the lonely chateau and besought shelter. Unquestioning hospitality was a virtue of the age. The ladies were the descendants of a race of nobles, therefore they placed everything beneath the roof, excepting themselves, at the disposal of the unlooked-for guests. Thus it was that the knights who had come a-wooing, became inmates of the chateau of the seven sisters.

III.

It is not for me to trace the risings of love. That is a passion that comes to all once in a lifetime. Some who read this may have experienced its sweet pangs. To others it will come if they are good and virtuous. It came to these young people in the chateau, and each knight pledged to one of the sisters his hand, with his heart in it, and won in return the confession of her love.

Love, however, to the heart of a pure woman is a high and holy thing. Adela, who was the elder and acted as a mother to her sister maidens, became a little timid at what had been done, and consulted with an old hermit, their ancient friend. That good anchorite explained to the blushing maids that the passion of love was forbidden by the canons to all persons in orders, therefore he himself knew nothing of the feeling, but he believed it was customary to send away an ardent wooer for a time, so as to prove his constancy, at least so he remembered to have read when he was but a silly acolyte. He recommended that the knights be sent away for a year and a day to make trial of their faith.

In those days, gentle reader, men were true and faithful and willing to wait any length of time or undergo any trial for the ladies that they loved. I have heard that it is not so now. The knights sorrowfully assented to the arrangement. They were taking their last walk together in the garden, each maid hanging on the arm of her bachelor, full of sad farewells, when they saw a little old woman, with short skirts, a steeple hat, buckled shoes and red stockings, with a basket on her arm. The old dame was weeping and said:

"White Ladies, I am the elf-dame who foretold your father's fate," and as she said so she took from her basket and dropped on the ground seven clumps of lily roots, and, still weeping, receded from their view.

"Let us plant the lilies!" cried the knights, gaily. Then each couple planted a root and smoothed the ground. "Now let us name them!" So they named the lilies by the names of the ladies—Adela, Alice, Barbara, Eremé, Helen, Lilius, Yseult. Then, with fond adieus, the gallants did on their swords and sprang to saddle. For, as when the Seven Champions of Christianity came to a broad plain, on which stood a brazen pillar, where seven roads met, they, every one, went a separate way; so the seven knights departed—two to the north and two to the south, two to the west, and, with many backward glances, the youngest of all to the east. And thereafter the seven white ladies stayed sadly at home and watched the growth of the lilies.

Woe's me! Not long time had gone when a man-at-arms, sore bespent, with his armour hacked and his horse all foam, rode in from the north, with tidings of dole, that two of the knights, gay and gallant, had fallen with their faces to the foe, and the last words on their lips were Adela and Helen. Two hearts were broken in the lonely chateau. Yet, alas! misfortunes fall not singly, for the old monk soon came, looking very lug-

bruous, with letters from a convent in the south, where two gallant combatants from a foughten field had breathed their last in uttering fondly the names of Yseult and Alice. Soon a running footman arrived from the west with a scarf and a ribbon, dyed with the wearers' heart's blood, and delivered the mournful tokens to Barbara and Eremé. And not long ere a palmer, in cockle shell and shoon, returning from the east, related how the youngest and the gayest of the gallant seven had been stricken by the plague, and departed his life in a prayer for little Lilies. The seven sisters sickened and pined. Adela faded first, and as her pure spirit fled, the remaining sorrowing maidens saw that one of the pure white lilies had come into bloom. Another of the ladies died, and another lily opened its fair, white blossom. Another and another of the maidens, and for each white soul that fled another white blossom opened, until the whole seven White Ladies were fair and beautiful in the seven White Lilies. Then came a nipping frost and the blanche blooms shrivelled and died. The white ladies still haunt the scene where their unhappy fate befell. Still they wander in the garden with the ghosts of their lovers, and that is why White Lilies are called White Ladies.

Hernewood, P.E.I.

A TRIP IN A HORSE CAR.

I always had a liking for a ride in a horse car. Other people may enjoy their carriage and sleigh drives, but I, who am of humbler mind, prefer a horse car. There you can be alone, yet not alone. You can lose yourself in a day dream, without any one interfering, or you can interest yourself in the different species of the human family one is apt to meet in this vehicle. Sometimes you meet a friend and enjoy a pleasant chat, and sometimes you have the pleasure of sitting side by side with your worst enemy. You meet all kinds of people in these cars, high and low, rich and poor, the quality and a quantity of the city, and, as "variety is the spice of life," you will understand why I have a weakness for a trip in a horse car.

Many a pleasant half hour, or longer, have I spent riding through the busy streets, engaged in contemplating the faces of my fellow-passengers, catching little glimpses of their lives, and romancing and moralizing, as the case might be. This occupation has afforded me a great deal of pleasure, and, as I do not like to be selfish, and have always wished for some one with whom to share this pleasure, we will journey together in spirit from Mile End to Côte St. Antoine. Time, about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Here comes the car. Jump in and make yourself comfortable. It is occupied by two women; one is about forty and the other a girl of eighteen. They are French-Canadians and evidently earn their living by sewing, for each carries a number of coats on her arm, taking them to some shop in the city, probably. Not much pay do these poor women get for their toilsome work—stitch, stitch, stitching, day after day, and yet they seem tolerably happy and contented. It is well for some to be born unambitious.

Some one else is entering the car now—a portly man, with a red face and a merry, comfortable look. He looks around, as if to find somebody to talk to; but, as there is no one who is likely to prove companionable, he at last settles down into an unsettled state until the next passenger appears.

This happens to be a dark little fellow, whom the stout passenger greets with some genial expression in French. Most likely, he is an acquaintance, for they immediately strike up a voluminous conversation, and, although I do not understand their language, their gestures and animated expression afford me no little amusement.

The car stops again to let in a young lady and a little girl. The young lady has a face which makes one think of something good. Very few people possess a really good face, and it rests tired eyes to gaze upon this one. The little girl is about seven years old, so pretty and winning that I feel quite angry when the form of a young man intervenes between us, and I see that some newcomers have taken their places. These new-

comers are a young man and his girl. What strikes me as remarkable about this couple is that the young girl appears to be very proud of her escort and the young man shows plainly that he appreciates himself, if no one else does. He belongs to that class of youths who are sometimes called "mashers"—that is, they imagine they make a great impression on every girl. It is my opinion that he even thinks he has mashed a couple of typical old maids who are set up just opposite him. One of them, at any rate, does not seem to feel so. I hear her whisper to her companion that she does not know how any girl can be so silly as to be pleased and proud to be seen in the company of such a senseless fellow as the one in front of them. She says this rather spitefully, and I am inclined to say "Sour grapes" (inaudibly, of course). But on second thoughts, I refrain from the uncharitable remark, because there does seem some truth in what she says about the young man, and how can we expect one whose heart has lain dormant for years to understand the feelings of a girl in love?

Who is this in dirty rags and a worn-out face, carrying a basket on her arm? Who is this that shrinks into a corner, as if she would willingly shrink out of the world? 'Tis a poor beggar girl, who has perhaps begged money enough to carry her weary limbs home to some miserable den. How wretched, how dull she looks! Life holds nothing bright for such a one. God alone knows what her life is. The sooner 'tis ended the better. Such misery is seen and passed by every day of our lives, and yet, how many think of doing anything to stop it. People preach and preach, but very few obey the old maxim which tells us to practice what we preach. There are some who honestly intend to do good, but when the tale comes for acting they'll let it pass, and chance after chance they miss in this way, until one day they wake up to the fact that their life is over and their dreams have come to naught.

Why is it that so many dream
Of great deeds to be done?
Why is it that so many dream
Of honours to be won?
Why is it that men dream and dream
Till the sands of life are run?

Why, ah, why is there so much planning and thinking and so little doing? But there is no time to puzzle out conundrums in a horse car, and as a man with his arms full of parcels, presenting a rather funny appearance, is struggling to get a seat near me, I break up the train of thought which is perplexing my brain and thought and interest myself in the fresh arrival. He has tumbled one of the parcels on the floor and a little stream of white sugar is oozing out. A couple of fashionably dressed ladies are just behind him, and I think it would be kindness on their part to let him know that he is losing his sugar, but they take their seats unconcernedly and allow the conductor to notify him of the fact. They choose a seat as far away as possible from the beggar girl, whom they regard with faces of disgust and, after they are comfortably settled, begin a conversation about some mission for which they are collecting contributions. They are rich ladies, good church members, charitable in many ways; but I am afraid they will not have the same position in the next world that they have in this.

The man with the parcels has a great deal of difficulty in preventing them from slipping off his knees, and the efforts he makes from time to time to keep them in place are very amusing. At last he produces a large red cotton handkerchief and ties them up. When this is done he heaves such a sigh of relief that every one in the car knows he has at last found ease.

The car is pretty well filled now. A young person of the masculine gender, in passing me, has almost pushed me out of my seat—unintentionally, of course. I can see by his face that he is absent-minded, and not only absent-minded, but miserable, though why he should be miserable I don't know. Young, tolerably good-looking, dressed well and healthy, he ought to be happy enough. Perhaps he has been crossed in love. But I cannot tell. Some people would go through

life with a gloomy countenance if they had all the blessings of heaven showered on them. It may be that those people who persist in looking miserable desire to be pitied. Well, we do pity them. We pity all those whose lot in life is hard, and we pity them because they require pity; but there is a deeper feeling than pity in our breasts for the unknown ones who hide their sorrow from the world's curious gaze, to whom pity gives positive pain when coming from those who do not understand what they are pitying; for we know that they who sorrow the most give no sign; that the saddest hearts are oft the bravest.

Here comes a man I know. At least, I know him by sight, and I have been told by different people that he is a crank. He is a pleasant looking old fellow, with a queer little way of looking at people, but I do not see anything cranky about him. I think the world is getting rather cranky on the subject of cranks. If a person happens to be a little different from the generality of this world's inhabitants, he or she is sure to be called a crank, or something very like that expressive word.

A fine-looking old lady, with white hair, has a seat between the fashionable ladies and the beggar girl. She does not shrink from coming into contact with a fellow being. Her benevolent face beams upon all around her, and the other ladies, with whom she is evidently acquainted, change their disagreeable looks to amiable ones by the force of her example.

A couple of business men are discussing politics in a corner. It seems to me to be a rather one-sided discussion, as one of the men is not at all interested, which can easily be seen by the monosyllabic way in which he replies to his companion. He (the companion) is so enthusiastic that he does not notice the other man's indifference, but goes on discussing and arguing indefatigably.

Now, I have reached my destination and must say good-bye, hoping sometime to have the pleasure of another trip with you.

Montreal.

EDITH EATON.

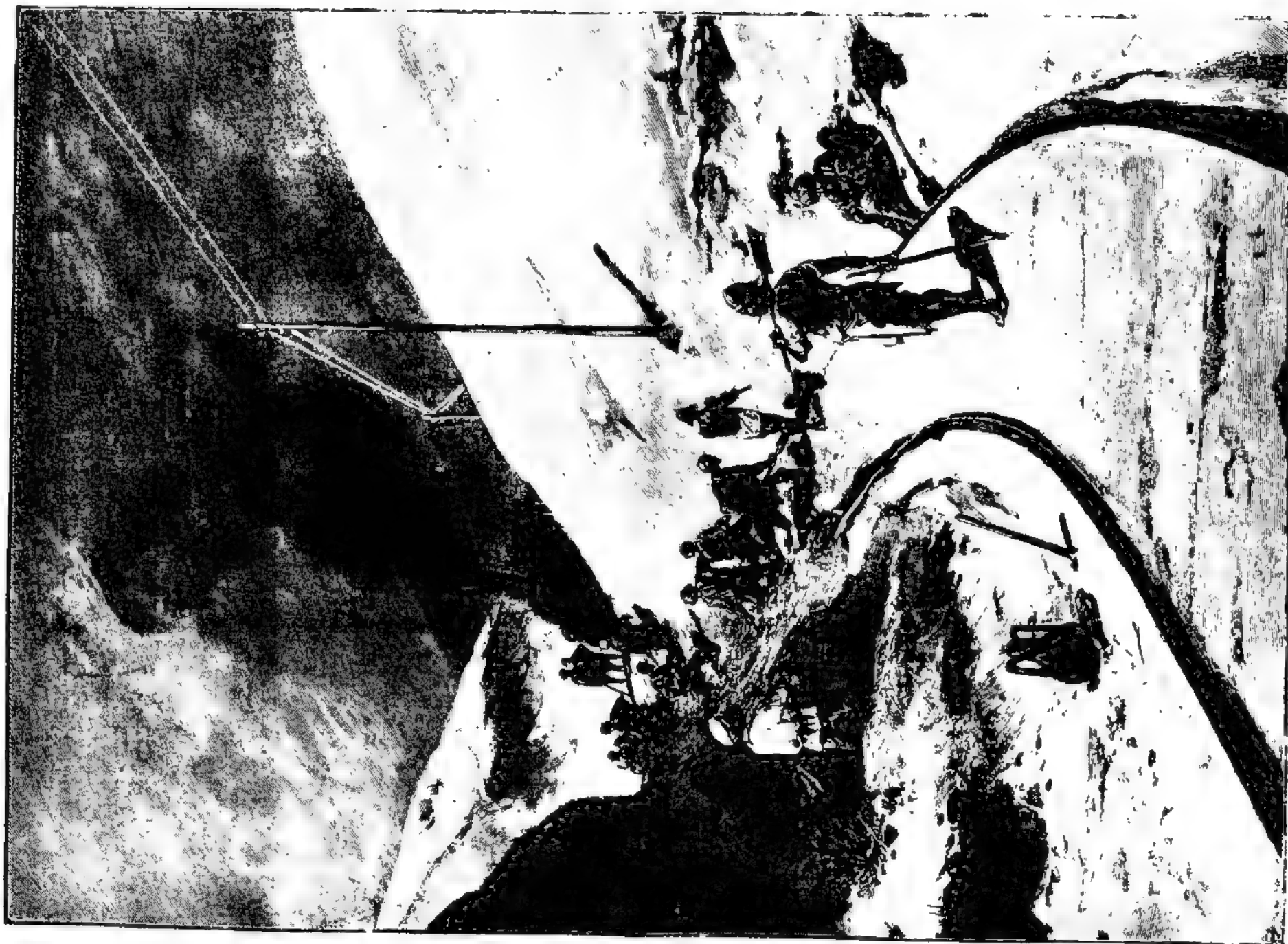
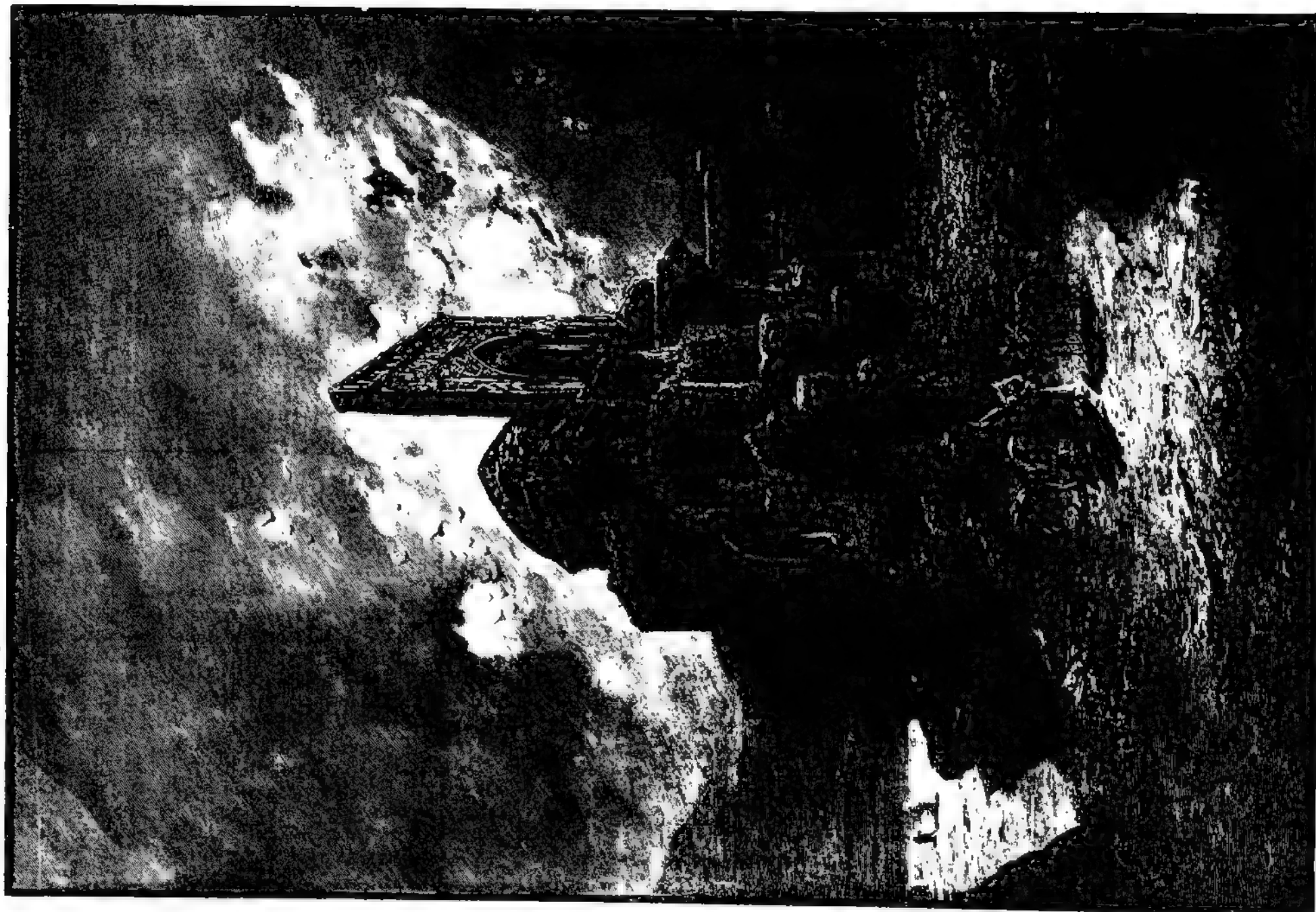
THE VERDICT OF THE STATES ON BLAINE.

The following, as a sample of Presidential "campaign literature," is worth reading and keeping. It is written by E. C. P., in the *Chicago Globe*. The key is to follow the capital letters downward:—

AlaBama,
CoLorado,
ArkAnsas,
Indiana,
KaNsas,
GEorgia,
Wisconsin,
OhIo,
DeLaware,
CaLifornia,
FloRida,
LoUisiana,
Iowa,
North Carolina,
South Carolina,
MassAchusetts,
ViRginia,
MaRyland,
Missouri,
Mississippi,
Oregon,
Illinoi,
Nevada,
PeNnsylvania,
TeXas,
Kentucky,
Vermont,
MinnesOta,
West Virginia,
Rhode Island,
Michigan,
NeBraska,
Maine,
New JerKey,
TennesSee,
ConnecticUt,
New YoRk,
NEw Hampshire.

[This ingenious collocationist will, perhaps, be a mistaken seer. The return of Mr. Harrison is by no means unlikely.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

THE TRANS-CASPIAN RAILWAY.

THE LINE BETWEEN THE SANDHILLS OF THE CASPIAN SEA.
AFTER A HIGH WIND.

RUINS OF THE GREAT MOSQUE OF ANNAOU, NEAR ASKABAD.

From *L'Illustration*, Paris.

THE TRANS-CASPIAN RAILWAY.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE LINE, NEAR THE KOPET-DAGH MOUNTAINS.
SUPPLY TRAIN, CARRYING WATER FOR THE RESERVOIRS, STATIONS AND GUARDHOUSES.
From L'Illustration, Paris.



Steel rails are arriving at Hull for the Gatineau Valley Railroad.

From 1,000 to 1,200 sheep are shipped weekly from Point du Chêne.

At a meeting, held in Toronto, it was resolved to form a sheep breeders' association for the Dominion.

For large cattle shipments, the Intercolonial Railway have constructed five large cattle sheds at Richmond.

A fine cariboo made his appearance near the village of Upper Woodstock last week. No one tried to kill him.

The Quebec Province Medical Board has decided that ladies may be licensed to practice medicine in that province.

Two thousand horses have been shipped from Prince Edward Island to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the United States.

One of the phosphate mines at Buckingham has received an order to ship to Michigan, at once, 5,000 tons of Canadian phosphate, 80 per cent. apatite.

Oystermen at Summerside, P.E.I., are making extensive preparations for fall shipments, and fishing will be prosecuted on a more extensive scale than ever before.

Three editions in English of the evidence taken before the Labour Commission have been issued from the printing bureau for distribution in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario.

Half a million tons of coal were exported from Vancouver Island, B.C., during 1887. At Nanaimo the supply is inexhaustible. This coal is truly bituminous, and superior to the Pennsylvania coal.

The work at present under contract on the Port Arthur breakwater is approaching completion. It is something like 2,000 feet long, and renders Port Arthur one of the safest harbours on the shores of Lake Superior.

The bottom of the St. Lawrence where the recent yachting disaster occurred is so uneven that the searchers, while dragging in shallow water, frequently found their hooks sink to a depth of eighty or a hundred feet, as though falling over the edge of a sub-marine precipice.

The first steamer of the Halifax and West India line left Halifax with a miscellaneous assortment of Canadian products. The ports to be visited are Hamilton, Bermuda, Kingston, Jamaica and Turk's Island. A second boat is to leave shortly for Cuba and other West India ports.

The graving dock at Esquimaux, B.C., is not a failure, as has been charged. Only a fortnight ago the British frigate *Cormorant* was in the dock for repairs. Not a bit of leakage was observed, and it was so dry that one could walk on the bottom with perfect safety. It is similar in construction to the one at St. Louis, and no fault can possibly be found with the quality.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

(FROM CAMILLE ANDRÉ LEMOYNE.)

There, where the cornfields mingle with the sky,
Where flocks and herds at twilight's hour have sought
The languid stream that wanders idly by—
A ghastly battle long ago was fought.

The Spring was joyous, as she is to-day,
And 'mid the carnage many a willing bud,
That else might soon have blossomed on its spray,
Blent its faint fragrance with the fumes of blood.

From morn to eve the combat did not slack—
Swarms of bright insects dropped to earth in showers—
Great, golden butterflies, with streaks of black,
Dragged themselves, dying, to the dying flowers.

The stream ran red—a lurid crimson smirch
Soiled with deep stain the blue kingfisher's plume—
The pendent willow and the trembling birch
Mixed their clear shadows in the river's gloom.

The rushing mill-dam long was choked with mud,
Wide ruts were furrowed in the reeking clay,
And there were pools of pestilential blood,
Where trampled squadrons perished in the fray.

But, when the tempest of the fight was still,
And jaded legions brief repose had sought,
The moon, slow rising from behind a hill,
Marked the wild havoc that a day had wrought.

There, hurled together in a tangled heap,
Mid black artillery and standards torn,
Horseman and horse lay wrapped in dreamless sleep,
With eyes wide open, sightless, and forlorn.

Vast graves were dug at random for the slain;
The stars, those peaceful warders of the sky,
Looked down with pity on the ravaged plain,
And bathed its turf with radiance from on high.

The youthful peasant, when his glance would note
Rank pasture tinted with too bright a green,
Checked the gay carol in his bird-like throat,
And drove his oxen with a graver mien!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

XIV.

BURLESQUES AND PASQUINADES.

Austin Dobson is unquestionably the most skilful and happy of the English disciples of the Provençal school, and his *virelai nouveau*, entitled "July," deserves embodying in this column, as an elegant trifle:—

Good-bye to the Town! Good-bye!
Hurrah! for the sea and the sky!

In the street the flower-girls cry;
In the streets the water-carts ply;
And a fluter, with features awry,
Plays fitfully: "Scots wha hae"—
And the throat of that fluter is dry;
Good-bye to the Town! Good-bye!

And over the roof-tops nigh
Comes a waft like the dream of the May;
And a lady-bird lit on my tie;
And a cock-chaffer came with the tray;
And a butterfly (no one knows why)
Mistook my aunt's cap for a spray;
And "next door" and "over the way"
The neighbours take wing and fly:
Hurrah! for the sea and the sky.

To Buxton, the waters to try,—
To Buxton goes old Mrs. Bligh;
And the Captain to Hombourg and play
Will carry his cane and his eye;
And e'en Miss Morgan Lefay
Is flitting—to far Peckham Rye;
And my grocer is gone—in a "Shay,"
And my Tailor has gone—in a "Fly;"—
Good-bye to the Town! Good-bye!

And it's O for the sea and the sky!
And it's O for the boat and the bay!
For the white foam whirling by,
And the sharp, salt edge of the spray!
For the wharfs where the black nets fry,
And the wrack and the seaweed sway!
For the stroll when the morn is high
To the nook by the Flag-house grey!
For the *risus ab angulo* shy
For the some-one we designate "Di!"
For the moment of silence,—the sigh!
"How I *dote* on a moon!" "So do I!"
For the token we snatch on the fly
(With nobody there to say Fie!)
Hurrah! for the sea and the sky!

So Phillis, the fawn-footed, hie
For a hansom. Ere close of the day
Between us a "world" must lie—
Good-bye to the Town! GOOD-BYE!
Hurrah! for the sea and the sky!

The following "Villonism," by W. E. Henley, is not an imitation of the quaint rhymes in Villon's "Jargon" or "Jobelin," but a paraphrase, in thieves' patter of London to-day. The verses are a capital study of Cockney street slang:—

"*Tout aux tavernes et aux filles.*"

Suppose you screeve? or go cheap jack?
Or fake the boards? or fig a nag?
Or thimble rig? or knap a yack?
Or pitch a side? or smash a rag?
Suppose you duff? or nose and lag?
Or get the straight, and land your pot?
How do you melt the multy swag?
Blooze and the blowens cop the lot.

Fiddle, or fence, or mace, or mack;
Or moskeneer, or flash the drag;
Dead-lurk a crib, or do a crack;
Plad with a slang, or chuck a fag;
Bonnet, or tout, or mump and gag;
Rattle the tats, or mark the spot;
You cannot bank a single stag;
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Suppose you adopt a different tack,
And on the square you flash your flag?
At penny-a-lining make your whack,
Or with the mummery mug and gag?
For nix, for nix the dibbs you bag!
At any graft, no matter what,
Your merry goblins soon stravag:—
Blooze and the blowens cop the lot.

THE MORAL.

It's up the spout and Charley Wag
With wipes and tickers and what not,
Until the squeezer nips your scrag,
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

And now a bit, with the American flavour, from the pen of H. C. Bunner:—

On Newport beach there ran right merrily,
In dainty navy blue clothed to the knee,
'Thence to the foot in white *au naturel*,
A little maid. Fair was she, truth to tell,
As Oceanus' child Callirhoë.
In the soft sand lay one small shell, its wee
Keen scallops tinct with faint hues, such as be
In girlish cheeks. In some old storm it fell
On Newport Beach.
There was a bather of the species *he*,
Who saw the little maid go toward the sea;
Rushing to help her through the billows' swell,
He set his sole upon the little shell,
And heaped profanely phrased obloquy
On Newport Beach.

A NOVELETTE IN VERSE.

THE SITUATION.

While the fish were in the ocean and the country in commotion, wily Joseph took a notion that he'd do and die; he took a sail;

And o'er many a costly supper did himself and Sir Charles Tupper fabricate an easy crupper for the harried Lion's tail.

For the senators unstrangled, and the caudal member dangled, and by frequent pullings mangled, till its beauty was no more,

And, indeed, 'twas necessary that the senators so merry should be shut off, in fact, very—for the tail was getting sore.

THE TREATY.

So with Bayard's help they framed it and quite garrulous declaimed it, and when questioned went and blamed it on desires for mutual peace.

And o'er bumpers big of stingo all hands laughed at Bayard's jingo, and in their peculiar lingo said they had our statesmen's fleece.

And the president waked pensive as he thought of votes extensive got by methods inexpensive from the fishermen of Maine;

And his whole administration tried to have the Yankee nation take up Joseph's invitation; sure he thought we were insane!

THE SENATORS.

Then the Senate had its innings, and it jumped on Bayard's sinnings, and the Lion got no winnings in the long-winded debates.

Holy smoke! It was a wonder how retaliation thunder was directed at the blunder of the Cabinet heavy weights.

So the treaty was rejected in a way that much reflected on the way that Grove expected to catch Anglo-maniac votes—

With the Democrats abusing and Republicans enthusing, it was really quite amusing to reporters taking notes.

THE PRESIDENT.

Then thought Grover, "Now, I wonder, can I steal somebody's thunder? The Republicans I'll plunder!" So he set his wits to work.

While the Senate was a fighting he his message was inditing, the Canadians inviting to take water where fish lurk.

"Our relations we will sever. It is better late than never. Now admit that I am clever!" was the burden of his song.

Did you hear the Lion roaring as the Eagle high is soaring? Is the Union Jack a-lowering? Bet your boots there's nothing wrong!"

—Chicago News.

[Although these verses have appeared in several Canadian papers, we thought it well to give them a place in our columns, as a clever contribution to the serio-comic chapter of Retaliation, in the Fisheries business.—ED. DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

MILITIA NOTES.

The Indian Prince Victor Duleep Singh arrived at Halifax last week and attached himself to the staff of Gen. Sir John Ross.

The difficulty between the Governor-General's Foot Guards of Ottawa and Col. Macpherson has been smoothed over, and the officers have withdrawn their resignations.

There is great fun at Halifax among the bailiffs and city merchants who are hunting for York and Lancaster regimental officers who are eluding their creditors. They embarked for Jamaica.

Col. R. S. Liddell, hon. secretary of the Waterloo Memorial Fund, has communicated to the Governor-General the desire of the committee to make the object a thoroughly national one by soliciting subscriptions from the whole of Great Britain and her colonies.

Orders have been issued by the Imperial War Office for an increase to the strength of the eighteenth company of Royal Engineers, now serving at Halifax, by a strong draught from the submarine section of the Royal Engineers and the depot companies from Chatham.



Hon. Senator Robitaille is dangerously ill.
Donald Murray, one of the original Selkirk settlers, died at Kildonan lately, 88 years of age.
Mr. Duncan MacIntyre will pass the winter in Europe. He leaves at the end of October. Mr. Angus will probably accompany him.
Dr. Selwyn, director of the Geological Survey, is on his way through to the Northwest Territories, inspecting the works of the Survey.
The Hon. Victor Stanley, the Hon. G. Stanley, and the Hon. F. Stanley, sons of His Excellency the Governor-General, have arrived from England and gone to Ottawa.
His Honour Chief Justice Allen, this 13th October, celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the Bar of New Brunswick. The Barristers' Society presented him with a massive piece of plate.
Mr. Gisborne, superintendent of the Government telegraph wires, is at present in British Columbia locating the route of the proposed cable between Point Bonilla and Victoria, for which service an appropriation of \$15,000 was made last year. The cable will be laid via Cape Beal.
A garden party given, on the 20th September, by the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia and Lady Nelson, in honour of the arrival of Lady Macdonald, was highly successful, being attended by nearly 300 guests, many of whom were distinguished strangers from the United States and Eastern Canada. The guests were received by His Honour and Mrs. Nelson and Lady Macdonald at the portico of the Government House.

NOOKATOOKS BOY.

'Twas about the time of the noon repast,
An Indian through Calgary passed;
He paused when he sniffed the grub so nice,
And said, on his stomach's sage advice,
Nookatooks Boy!
He saw by the grub-fire's cheerful light
The Mooncas* group, with faces bright;
But the tools of dreaded toil were there,
So he skipped, yet sighed in sad despair,
Nookatooks Boy!
"Come hither," the boarding missus said,
"None here need want for daily bread;
When some wood you chop, just eat your fill."
With spirit unwilling the flesh goes still,
Nookatooks Boy!
A spring cow was found by the Elbow Bend,
Ripped, Indian fashion, from end to end;
And Nookatooks stalks off, full as a tick,
Growling like thunder to hide the trick,
Nookatooks Boy!
Dorcas, while knitting for his papoose,
Said: "Wash your slender hands for use
And hold this yarn for me to wind;"
He washed his hands—of the job—and whined,
Nookatooks Boy!
A pilgrim, ploughing at the Indian tarn,
Sent Nookatooks home with a mule to barn.
'Twas tough, but it's finished, and o'er its bones
He leads the cayote's dirge, and groans,
Nookatooks Boy!
"Farewell!" he cried, "my native soil,
I'll climb above all whiteman's toil;
I cannot beg; to dig I'm ashamed;
Steal—I've no chance, but ever blamed,"
Nookatooks Boy!
That eve there came from yonder hill,
Like wasted echo, soft, yet shrill,
Which to the peak for name has clung,
The well-known words of th' unknown tongue,
Nookatooks Boy!
Some missionaries, hunting coal mines,
Found a frozen good Indian, and thought it hard lines;
But the parson says he's reached some shore
That's heaven for an Indian—no work and no more
Nookatooks Boy!
Yet methinks on hot Chinooks from far,
Or perhaps through the underground gates ajar,
Straight from the happy hunting ground,
Like a wail comes the old familiar sound,
Nookatooks Boy!

J. ST. LEGER MCGINN.

*Mooncas means Canadian—literally, green home.
[These verses were accompanied by the following note to the editor:
Enclosed I hand you a scrap entitled "Nookatooks Boy," planned
after Longfellow's "Excelsior." The title term is a common one in
the West, being the begging expression of the Cree Indians: Nooka-
took, or hungry. The story was written for recitation, and, although
author again on scenes and sketches of Northwestern life, and in N.W.,
half-breed or Indian lingo.—EDITOR DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

TO KEEP FLOWERS.—To keep a bouquet of flowers fresh, put a plate in a vessel of water, on this place a bouquet of flowers weighted at the bottom, so as to stand upright. The bouquet is then covered with a bell glass, the rim of which ought to fit exactly the flat part of the plate, and entirely filled with water and without the least air bubble. Then raise altogether, bell glass, plate and bouquet, and place on a table, leaving on the plate around the base of the bell glass a little water to keep the air from entering. The flowers in this situation will be preserved in all their freshness for several weeks.

HORSES.—Russia, 21,570,000 horses; America, 9,500,000; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; Austria, 3,500,000; Germany, 3,350,000; France, 2,800,000, and 300,000 mules; England, 2,790,000 horses; Canada, 2,624,000; Spain, 680,000, and 2,300,000 mules; Italy, 2,000,000 horses; Belgium, 383,000; Denmark, 316,000; Australia, 301,000; Holland, 125,000, and Portugal 88,000 horses and 50,000 mules.

THE EGG AS FOOD.—As a flesh-producer one pound of egg is about equal to one pound of beef. A hen may be calculated to consume one bushel of corn yearly, and to lay ten dozen or fifteen pounds of eggs. This is equivalent to saying that three and one-tenth pounds of corn will produce, when fed to a hen, five-sixths of a pound of eggs; but five-sixths of a pound of pork requires about five pounds of corn for its production. Judging from these facts, eggs must be economical in their production and in their eating, and especially fit for the labouring man in replacing meat.

GROUPS OF BIRDS AND BEASTS.

Birds and other animals, when collected in numbers together, have curious technical names applied to them. It is right to say:—

A covey of partridges.	A flock of geese.
A nide of pheasants.	A cast of hawks.
A whisp of snipe.	A trip of dottrell.
A bevy of quails.	A herd of swine.
A flight of doves or swallows.	A skulk of foxes.
A muster of peacocks.	A pack of wolves.
A siege of herons.	A drove of oxen.
A building of rooks.	A sounder of hogs.
A brood of grouse.	A troop of monkeys.
A plump of wild fowl.	A pride of lions.
A stand of plovers.	A sleuth of bears.
A watch of nightingales.	A shoal of herrings.
A clatter of choughs.	A swarm of bees.

MEMORIES.

TRANSLATED FROM HENRI MURGER.

Hast thou, Louise, forgotten yet
That nook within the garden old,
Where, when the summer sun had set,
My hand would oft thy hand enfold?
With beating hearts we sat beneath
The shadows of the willow trees—
Few words escaped our trembling breath—
Dost thou remember still, Louise?

Hast thou, Marie, forgotten yet
The fond exchange of rings we made,
The sun-lit meadows where we met,
The woodlands full of song and shade?
A fount, that musically fell
In marble basin, marks the spot
Where oft we lingered—Marie, tell,
Is that sweet trysting place forgot?

Christine, hast thou forgotten quite
Our fragrant room, with roses gay?
'Twas somewhat near the sky, but bright
On April morns, and eves of May,
Those calm, clear eves, when planets pale
Seem'd whisp'ring to thee, "Earthly Queen,
Like us, thy beauty's light unveil!"
Dost thou remember still, Christine?

Louise is dead! Poor fond Marie
Is worse, alas! than dead, they say:
And pale Christine across the sea
To sunnier climes hath sailed away.
Marie, Louise, Christine—all three—
Though ne'er forgotten now forget:
Our loves are dead eternally,
And I alone remember yet!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.



The ancients believed that the world was square, but that was before the bankrupt law was invented.

It is doubtful if Edison's new talking machines will ever supersede the old reliable societies.

Photographer—"Everything is ready. Please smile."
Kentuckian—"Thank you. I don't care if I do."

A yacht containing a party of lawyers was recently captured among a school of sharks. Total deaths, four lawyers, seven sharks.

Men may come and men may go and express trains be very slow, but did you ever know a three months' bill that wasn't on time.

There are a good many devices for overcoming insomnia, but about the most sensible one yet published is the brief and brusque admonition: "Go to sleep."

Caller: "Isn't Ezekiel rather an odd name for the new baby, Bobby?" Bobby: "Yes'm, I didn't like it myself, but he's named after Uncle Zeke, an' pa says Uncle Zeke's rich."

Next to having her young man come to see her Thursday evening, a girl likes best to stand on the sidewalk and look at the engagement rings shown in a first-class jeweller's window.

Clergyman: "Now which of these were the minor prophets?" Small boy (with an air of magnanimous abstention): "Well, sir, I really don't care to make any invidious distinctions."

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day: "When thee went a-courting, I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open; now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them half shut."

A woman in Georgia, while smoking a pipe, was struck by lightning and killed. Lightning shows very poor judgment, considering the number of boys that may be seen smoking cigarettes.

Teacher—"What is tautology?" Boy—"Repetition."
Teacher—"Give me an example." Boy—"We are going to have sheep's head for dinner, and my sister Elsie's beau is coming to dinner also." Teacher—"Go up head."

Customer (to bird fancier)—"My wife wants a parrot. What's the lowest you will take for that bird?" Bird fancier—"Fifty dollars, sir, is rock bottom." Parrot—"Come off; you've tried to sell me for twenty dollars."

Young man (to editor)—"Did you receive a poem from me, sir?" Editor—"I believe I did." Young man—"After looking it over, were you able to do anything with it?" Editor—"Yes, I had just strength left to throw it in the basket."

"Now, Waldo," said a Boston lady, "the minister is to dine with us to-day, and I want you to be a good little boy." "Yes, mamma." "And if the subject of prize-fighting is introduced at the table, you must be sure and say slogger, not slugger."

While the men are jawing away like mad over the tariff, the fishery question and the affairs of State generally, the women keep right on talking about bias folds, box plaiting, and so forth. The women, it should be observed, know what they are talking about.

Little boy—"Mamma, what does this mean: 'Never judge a man by his clothes?'" Mamma—"Oh, it means that men have sense enough to select clothes, and it's always hit or miss with 'em. Women folks are the only ones that can be judged by their clothes."

Minister—"Well, Bobby, what did you learn at school to-day?" Bobby—"I learned that the world is round, and turns on hinges like that globe in the parlour." Minister—"Well, what did you think of that?" Bobby—"I think they're asking me to believe a good deal for a small boy."

"I tell you," exclaimed a slim individual at the corner of Court and State streets, yesterday afternoon, "that water is God's greatest gift to man. As the poet says, it is the summum bonum of human happiness." "Are you a prohibitionist?" asked a bystander, taking him cordially by the hand. "No, sir," was the contemptuous reply, "I sell milk."

Deacon: "I saw you at our evening service last night, sir. Strangers are always welcome." Young man: "Thanks." Deacon: "I suppose you find church-going is a great comfort?" Young man: "Yes, sir. Did you notice the little girl whose prayer-book I helped to hold up?" Deacon: "Yes." Young man: "She's a great comfort too."

The annual picnic of the Chicago wholesale grocers was celebrated in these words:

Sugar in barrels and Coffee in bags
Accompanied chest of Tea,
"I'm going with Soap," said a package of Tags,
"And Soap is a-going with me."
Molasses went down like a wolf on the fold,
And crackers went tumbling after;
Then followed some jugs of Vinegar old,
And Bacon-Sides shaking with laughter.
"Allez avec moi, ma chère, je vous prie,"
A basket of champagne said.
"Mais non, j'accompagne M'sieu Fromage de Brie,"
Said Cologne, with a toss of her head.



NOT GIVEN TO FLATTERY.

MR. FILLUP SCRIBBLER: Ah, yes, Madame, I do much writing; but then, you know, I have a very low estimate of my own work.
 MRS. FAYREEDER: Of course, you ought to have.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

From Montreal the rates are:

To Banff and return.	-	\$90 00
To Vancouver, Victoria, Tacoma, Seattle, or Portland and return,		125 00
To San Francisco and re- turn,	-	140 00

From other stations the rates are proportionately low.

Descriptive books may be obtained of Company's agents, or by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal.

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 and 101 1/2 King St., W.



SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE WORKS for the construction of the canal above mentioned, advertised to be let on the 13th of October next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Wednesday, the 7th day of November next.
 Plans and specifications will be ready for examination, at this office and at Sault Ste. Marie, on and after

Wednesday, the 24th day of October next.
 By order,
 A. P. BRADLEY,
 Secretary

Department of Railways and Canals,
 Ottawa, 27th September, 1888.

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